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## CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Herald and Journal.

### EARLY DAYS.

Newport—Isle Beach—Tamany Hill—Malbone's Garden Reminiscences.

"I come, I come, bright sparkling fount,  
To fling me on thy grassy side,  
And drink, as I in youth was wont,  
New life from thy pure tide;  
And in thy cool, translucent wave  
My parched throat-fetters find release."

They are to be pitied, in whose breast nature has strung no chord responsive to the feelings of the Patriarch when revisiting Bethel at the command of the Lord, and which elsewhere prompted the grateful confession, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands!"

There sleeps in the far, far depths of the spirit, a fountain of emotion which nothing will so stir as associations of the long forgotten past, revived by revisiting those old scenes with which they are connected, and around which they so fondly cling. Memory runs its long, backward track, gathering reminiscences amid the lights and shades of other years, till arrived at the beginning of life's dim vista, the man of gray hairs is once more at the young fountain of childhood, and has again gathered around him forms and voices which have long slumbered with the dead.

Such were the feelings of the writer during a recent visit to the beautiful island on which Newport, the home of his childhood, stands. Eschewing the rude, indecent hurry of steam cars and steamboats, and declining even the proffered service of the demure and careful stage, a ride by other conveyance was chosen through some thirty miles of country, beautifully interspersed with forest tracts, where every shrub, blossom and leaf was shedding fragrance on the air, such as may be enjoyed only in a June morning. Little white-curtained cottages peeping through the light green foliage, with modest, maiden eyes looking through the lattice, were seen at intervals, just sufficient to render the scene still more romantic; while, as the narrow winding path became elevated, the blue Atlantic on the left, or the green hills of Rhode Island with the East River in front, gave variety to the view. "Oh, 'twere worth a year of the penitentiary discipline of city life, one such day!"

I found myself, comparatively, a stranger at my own home, but yet, was in a mood to gather enjoyment from every source; old familiar places were early sought, and every scene and sound, which told of former time, inspired delight.

I soon was gazing out on that noble, almost classic water, "Easton's beach," tracking its hard, sandy shore; and shooting amid the wild solitude, became a boy again, as I once more beheld the long breakers dashing their white foam on the shore, and then

"Saw the laughing waves embrace  
Each other in their frolic race."

Yielding to another mood, I pensively listened to the sublime music of the surf, which, for long ages before the coming of the white men, had reverberated, as it now does, among the chasms and cliffs of those sea-beaten rocks; I missed on the days of *Auld Lang Syne*, and thought of those with whom I had sported amid those very waves, and spent pleasant hours in building mimic forts in the sand. Years had passed, and there I stood,

"Again upon that sounding shore,  
To list again its swelling roar,  
The deep, the long, majestic tone."

Some mountain masses of rock lying at a distance near the Eastern shore of the island, up which I had been taken when but seven years of age, were remembered; I had been on them but once; and as the view from them was very extensive I determined on visiting them. A small mound of stones raised to increase the elevation, on which I stood when a child, was still there; it was raised by one long dead, who had lived in my father's family; I again stood upon it, while memory recalled the past. On descending I fell into conversation with a very aged man at work in the fields, who told me that from those heights Washington and La Fayette reconnoitered the Hessian lines, which were formed at a distance in a position he pointed out. An early opportunity was found to visit "Tamany" (Tonony) Hill, a height storied as having been the site of the wigwag of powerful Sachem. It was fortified by the British when having possession of the south end of the island; and often in my boyhood have I wandered through the remains of the entrenchments, and run around the spacious terrace of a brick block house erected at a later period. I climbed once more its green precipitous sides; the sheep that formerly held possession were gone; not a vestige of the block house or its subterranean vault remained, and its old site was occupied by a modern observatory. I sat down on a hillock of the green sward to enjoy the cool breeze, musing on the past, my eyes resting down on the Narragansett Bay with its green islands, or gazing on the blue Atlantic in the distance with here and there a sail on its smoky surface.

"Malbone's Garden," near the foot of the hill was not the first seat in New England, and a resort not once celebrated in its day, than any similar place in our country. But it had long been in a state of entire decay, and now merely "a few torn shrubs the place disclose," while the mansion has given place to a costly edifice. The road, however, remained the same; where, lingering long, I gathered a few wild flowers, and turned, perhaps forever, away.

Who that has passed his boyhood in Newport does not remember *Bliss' road*; *Green end*; *Easton's pond*, and *Belph's*, the little sickle that floated on its bosom. The old road, all enchantment, opened before me alive with associations. There lay the pond where in boyhood I had busied myself the old canoe; the field on its sedge margin on which I had gathered many a basket of blackberries, and withal, I passed the gate, the very gate, old and mossy, through which I had so often driven my cows to pasture. The same avenue into which it opened, with its rail fence, was there as forty years ago; even the butter-cups were looking up at me as one whom they had seen, and the same flock of geese was by the plashy roadside as I saw them when a child.

\* Speaking of that beach, the late Dr. Channing says: "The other place (of study) was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with this place, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work, which there in the sight of the beauty, in the sound of the waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped me to form so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amid the tempest. There softened by beauty I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confession.—Dedicator's Discourse, July, 1836."

I thought of my schoolboy days, and memory whispered of the Academy where they were passed. I sought it,

"But all was silent! There were none,  
To wake one old familiar tone."

The very building was no more; the remains of a woodbine which once mantled the porch and belfry were still clinging to an adjoining fence, as if possessing the strong yearnings of age for the place of its youth. I could not refrain from kissing its dark green leaves, as the last of my school associates which were there to welcome me.

"Oh, it is and to look upon  
The play-place of our boyish hours,  
And mark what wasting change hath run  
As fire among its bowers,  
And seared its greenwood tree, and left  
A trunk all blackened and bare."

I walked around the premises, dear by a thousand recollections, and thought of Vernon, and Brindley, and Lightbun, and Allston, and that prince of young men, the generous and amiable Almy. I believe Mr. T., so long the very efficient Principal of the Academy, still lives; the mention of his name would carry many minds near half a century backward, while a panorama full of interest would pass before the imagination in all the freshness of life. With the graduates of the institution some interest attaches to its memory from the circumstance that several prominent men of the age had there pursued their studies; among them may be mentioned John C. Calhoun, and Washington Allston.

Many other spots to memory dear were visited, but there was one, above all others, around which every holier feeling clustered—the home of my childhood. I entered through the large old gate-way, and stood once more on the spot which had been trodden by my parents, and borne the mingled foot-prints of seven brothers and sisters, and still "we are seven!" Time had left its trace, but the spot was the same. I drew a bucket of water from the old well, and thought none was ever as good; there was the stone step worn by the feet of my parents, the garden where my father had toiled. I entered it; old familiar trees, planted by his hand were yet there, but strangely large and old; going to a shaded nook, where raspberries once grew, I found the vine still there; gathering a memento from a shrub, I retired, for other scenes still remained. My father died when we were all young; and my mother though poor, refused to leave the spot to her dear. It was there she lived and there she died. With silent and reverential heart, I entered the dwelling hallowed by those thirty years of widowhood; all was silence save the low echo of my own steps; a dim twilight came through the curtained windows in soothing harmony with my feelings; for the rooms were unoccupied, save that some of the children annually gathered there for a few days to eat bread around the table at which their mother had sat, and recall the scenes and incidents of childhood by the old hearth-side.

Every thing reminded me of the past, the low ceiling, the old desk, the tile hearth. And there was my mother's arm-chair kept in its old place with religious reverence. And there was her baize-covered Bible; I took the treasured volume from its resting-place, and almost unconsciously spreading it on my mother's chair, "bowed" with tears, and embalmated it with sighs, "and could but think that the spirit of my mother was present to bless her child."

"This past! 'tis past! I gaze on it now,  
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow;  
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,  
And memory flows with a lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding tears steal down my cheek;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair."

For the Herald and Journal.

### TROY CONFERENCE.

The Conference—Presiding Elders—Garrison Station, Albany—Washington St. Church—Knockings.

The Troy Conference held its first session separate from the New York Conference in 1833, in the city of Troy, N. Y. It numbered about 80 members. A large class was admitted that year, and one still larger the next, so that in 1834 there were 114 members stationed. The Conference has steadily increased, and this year 207 are stationed. It would be presumptuous for us to claim the first place, or even a place among the first among the sisterhood of Conferences. We have not a D. D. in our ranks; but we may claim a respectable standing in point of preaching talent and general efficiency in the ministerial work. I shall not now attempt to confirm this statement by referring to evidences afforded in the state of the church within our bounds, though if you please something may be offered hereafter. Most of the preachers have originated and grown up within the Conference; and have occasionally been strengthened by transfers—a few at the last session we think will prove valuable co-laborers.

The Conference embraces six districts. Without disparaging former incumbents, it would not be too much to say that as a whole the present Presiding Elders of Troy Conference form an able body of sub-superintendents. They are men of respectable acquisitions, sound judgments, genuine piety, and good business habits. Men who were not put into that place because no other could be found for them; but who have always been efficient in the ordinary work of the ministry. Under the administration of such men we expect the work will prosper.

Garrison station, in Albany, is supplied by Rev. T. T. Arnold, one of the transfers referred to. He seems likely to do for them what they have long needed. The church edifice was built for a circus, and though it has answered a very good purpose, it was never a pleasant house. For a few years past a large crack in one of the walls has given evidence that it must ere long give place to a new edifice if the church would continue to worship there. Bro. A. is moving in this work, and with good prospects of success. The Washington St. Church has for several years had severe struggles, and latterly it has been thought they must lose their house. During the past year, under the efficient labors of Rev. D. Starks, means have been raised for relieving their embarrassments.

So, Bro. Stevens, you have been, if not "among the knockers," at least where you could witness the effects of their labors. Well, and what should there not be a full examination into that matter? There are facts, indisputable facts, which have a bearing upon spiritual and eternal things. The nature of the facts and the relations they sustain to the spirit world are not understood. Yet the minds of multitudes are taken up with them; and it is very clear to me that the watchmen upon the walls

of Zion should seek if possible to know enough of these matters to be able to direct the minds of others aright.

It is said the days of miracles are past, and that there can be no communication from the spiritual world save those of the Divine spirit. Now I would like to ask the authority for these assumptions? I am not superstitious—never saw a ghost—do not know that I ever heard a supernatural sound, or saw a supernatural light—am not afraid of a burying ground in the night, and never witnessed a miracle; but if any man will give me a "thus said the Lord," or a plain inference from Scripture going to show there can be no miracles now, nor any manifestation of a disembodied spirit to our senses, now as in ancient times, I will publicly express my thanks.

For the Herald and Journal.

### WHY I LOVE CAMP MEETINGS.

They remind us how the Patriarchs lived in tents, wandering to and fro, having no certain dwelling-place. And of the Israelites, in their forty years journey to the promised land—of the feast of tabernacles, when leaving their habitations for seven days, they must dwell in their tents. We thus get a clearer idea than otherwise of some parts of bible history. The scene should teach us that our life is but a pilgrimage, and happy is that one, who, at the close of each day, can pitch his tent, "A day's march nearer home." Our beds of straw should remind us how poor a welcome awaited the infant Jesus, the Lord of life and glory, as he came to save a lost and ruined world.

Again. There is no place like a camp meeting to burn up the wood, hay and stubble which, so long as we are only partially sanctified, will accumulate during the year. There is nothing like the fire of the Holy Ghost to consume bickerings, heart burnings, envyings and party spirit, making us one in Christ Jesus. As you kneel in the tent prayer meetings, with the holy fire running from heart to heart, it has a wondrous effect to enable us to see eye to eye, and to forgive as we hope to be forgiven.

Again. It gives a better opportunity, and often the only one we have, of becoming acquainted with each other, and thereby our love is greatly increased. Without some such meeting, the members of a large city church, will, to a great extent, remain strangers to each other; and though they might be seated side by side in heaven, would need the angel Gabriel to give them an introduction. On natural principles, leaving out of view the gracious influences of the Spirit, it is easy to see why love, affection, should be the legitimate effect of a camp meeting. For a week we dwell together under one roof, make one happy family; and as mutual kind offices are exchanged, we learn to care more and more what a fountain of goodness is in each heart. It would be against nature if members of the same family should not love each other more than strangers.

Again. The church needs just such a season of protracted religious services during the summer, to recover from that spirit of worldliness, which, with the opening business of spring, is almost sure to roll in upon her. If the members of a church go to no camp meeting, there is danger of their becoming so lukewarm and cold, that it will take all the fall and winter to recover the ground they have lost. And then the spring, with its rush of business, bears them down the stream again, before they have been able to do anything to save souls. And thus, year after year, receding as they advance, no real progress is made. It is a fact, account for it as you may, that you will always find the most spiritual in those churches who send up the largest number to the tented grove. In thousands of cases—and it ought to be so in all—the fire has been carried home from camp meeting, there kindled anew, and has burned most gloriously during the fall and winter. I believe it is partly owing to our precious seasons of worship during midsummer, that our church is blessed with revivals beyond all others.

Again. Those converted during the winter, need just such a season to renew their spiritual strength, by seeking for a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. When older Christians are engaged, they get along very well, but when coldness comes over the church, they are sure to feel its chilling influence. We all, in short, need to go to the grove to worship, that by bringing the brands together from the different parts of the district, a great fire may be kindled, and we get our hearts thawed out, and warmed up, and go to our homes with our faces shining as one of old, after his forty days' communion with God.

Moreover, what better place to give the heart to God can possibly be imagined. Protracted religious services are always favorable for this purpose. Under ordinary circumstances, the presence of a revival sermon, is very apt to thrust from us and make no impression. The heart glances off, but the truth in one burning, focal blaze, must be brought to bear upon it for some time, before it will be softened, and show signs of feeling. I do not wonder that so many experience religion at camp meeting; of all others, it is the place most favorable for such an object. The world, its business, cares and pleasures, are taken far away. The place seems the counterpart of heaven. Ministers preach, and Christians sing, pray and exert, as at no other time. What I wonder at is, that parents in crowds do not take their children there each year to seek the Saviour.

Also, there is no place like it, to seek for the blessing of sanctification. Under some sermon, you will have the rays pointed out more clearly than ever before. Or you will meet with those who will be able to direct you by their own personal experience in the matter, which is the best of all. The waters will be troubled, you will see others stepping in and coming out whole, and your faith will be strengthened to ask and believe for the same blessing.

Again. I love a camp meeting as affording one of the best opportunities for personal effort to labor in the Lord's vineyard. In the busy scenes of every-day life, men have not to be reasoned with on the subject of religion. If you drop more than a word, they consider you as intruding. But now, for an entire week, they have nothing to do but listen, and you to labor to drive them from every refuge of lies and unbelief, till they shall yield themselves unconsciously to Jesus Christ.

To one that loves to labor personally for the Saviour, whether preacher or private member, the entire year affords no such harvest season as the week of camp meeting.

Again. The sweet singing we have at our camp meetings more than pays one for the time and expense of going. Nowhere else is such music heard. When the good singers of our spiritual Israel thus assemble, and lift high their voices, accompanied only by the wailing notes of the breeze, as it whispers among the leaves of

the ancient forest, music is made, perhaps, not far different from that heard in the celestial groves, on the banks of the river of Life. Then it is that we learn the mighty power of congregational singing over the human heart, and what it would do for us, if adopted in all our churches; also, many a new tune is learned and brought home, to add interest to our social meetings.

Finally. Camp meetings are as good for the physical health as spiritual. It is almost enough to add two or three years to one's life, to withdraw for a week or more, from the heat and dust of the crowded city and breathe the uncontaminated air of Eastham and Martha's Vineyard. Air fresh from the ocean, that has never been inhaled before, full of the elixir of life. Take the case of a delicate city lady, who needs a nice cup of tea and a little toast, and make two bites of a pea, and let her be on the camp ground for only two days, and what a change is effected,—salt junk and sea biscuit disappear in her presence like dew before the sun.

And if such persons would only remain long enough, they would return new persons—re-generated; they would find it to be better than all the hydro-allo-homopathic treatment ever invented. Our Southern Methodists understand this matter better than we do at the North; they erect their tents two or three weeks before the meeting begins, and go with their children and encamp a few weeks in the grove, among the beautiful birds and fragrant flowers—enjoying in the quiet and rural retirement of the place, happiness unknown to those who seek for it in the crowded saloons of our fashionable watering places. Instead of going to Newport, Saratoga, Niagara, or the White Mountains, with a part of the family, at an expense of from two to five hundred dollars, and returning all jaded out with the heat and dust of travel, the whole family might spend a few weeks far pleasanter at Eastham and Martha's Vineyard, and return blessed in body and soul, and the expense be almost nothing. I think the hour will soon come, when, instead of going the second or third day after the meeting begins, we shall go some weeks in advance, and enjoy the health and beauty of the place.

Dear Brethren and Sisters, let us all feel an interest in the camp meetings of this year; let those who have never been gone, and see how completely all your objections will be removed; you will say the half was never told you of the blessings of the place. If you cannot go yourself, encourage others to, and pay the expenses of some poor member, and then you shall obtain a blessing, though you "abide by the staff." See that your church is as strongly represented there as possible. It is for the general good of the cause that these meetings are held; let everything be done on the most liberal scale; let the rallying cry be, "to your tents, O Israel; sanctify yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will work wonders among you." Let us repair with singleness of heart to our different places of encampment, for did not the poet speak the truth when he said,

The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned  
To hallow the shrine, or lay the architect,  
And spread the roof above him—ere he formed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks  
And supplications.

Should we in the world's ripper years neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,  
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn—once happy if it find  
Acceptance in his ear.

H. C. ATWATER.

For the Herald and Journal.

### THINGS TO BE THOUGHT OF.

THE WAY SOME FOLKS CONVEY SINNERS.

This is a curious world, and there are curious folks in it, beside some nondescript, unaccountable creatures who call themselves men and Christians. They have found out that the Mosaic account of Paradise, with its occupant *Man*, in his creation and fall, is an allegory; that the inspiration of the Bible is only an orthodox notion, akin to some other "Boston notions"; that the doctrine of atonement is a cruel invention of the priests; that regeneration is a humbug; that self-denial and the cross is an infringement of Christian liberty—in a word, they have made the discovery that man is an unfortunate rather than a sinful being, and that God is very much like man, having made him in his own image. These men, some of them, are very learned, and very benevolent; and in the profundity of their wisdom they have ascertained a process by which to convert men in the gross—wholesaling the business of salvation to an extent as to create inducement for all sorts of moral and social stock-jobbers to enter into the work of soul-saving. And they succeed marvelously; and no wonder, for they have entered into the most amiable relations with an old sovereign, whose name is *devil*, and have agreed not to disturb, essentially, the laws of his smoky dominions, but just to have a right of way through them, as to shorten, and cheapen, and smooth the road to heaven. But in laying out this new road to the heavenly kingdom they must necessarily cross the "infernal gulf," and "bottomless pit," besides tunnelling a few mountains of difficulty, such as *Oliver*, *Tabor*, and *Calvary*; but all this has been done in a short time, and at a trifling expense, so abundant has labor been, and so diligent the workmen. They have thrown a bridge clear across the "burning lake"—eschewing fees and tolls, except to those who can better pay than most, while they are gratified in seeing thousands hurrying on to the gates of the New Jerusalem. Long since they have advertised us that the old route to the kingdom, the "strait gate and the narrow way," was given up, and that hereafter none but fools and bigots would think of passing over it into the better land. The theatre-lover, the circus-goer, the dancing-master and his waltzing pupil, are all welcomed as good Christians in the new way to heaven; and even the children are taught that the circus is an excellent place to grow in grace, especially when they go there under the superintendence of some *Reverend* "minister at large" in our Christian city. Read the following correspondence:—

REV. C. F. BARNARD. Dear Sir:—Sympathizing with the public generally in the regretted abandonment of the usual Floral Procession of the children of the Warren Street Chapel, on the coming anniversary of American Independence, it has occurred to us that we have the good fortune to be able to alleviate the pecuniary losses at least of this departure from the usual customs of the 4th of July.

As the gentleman who has the interest of the Chapel at heart, and feels the misfortune referred to as seriously as any person in the city, we take pleasure in tendering to you the entire proceeds of the exhibition of our circus, on the afternoon of Friday, the 5th proximo, for the benefit of the children of the Warren Street Chapel.

Very respectfully,  
Your most obedient servants,  
SPALDING & ROGERS.  
Boston, June 26, 1850.

Messrs. SPALDING & ROGERS. Gentlemen:—In behalf of the Standing Committee of the Warren Street Chapel, I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind note of the 26th instant.

The Committee agree with me in hastening to assure you that they are pleased to accept the highly generous offer that you have made therein. We are sure that our friends and the community will duly appreciate the proposition which is so honorable to your company and agreeable to ourselves.

We trust that the receipts upon the afternoon that you assigned for the benefit of our children, as well as your own throughout your stay in Boston, will prove that we do not speak for ourselves alone.

With many thanks and great respect, your friend,  
CHARLES F. BARNARD.  
June 27, 1850.

"Attention, infernals!" roars Beelzebub! "A most rational Christian city is Boston." "Hear! hear!" shouted Apollyon, the prince of hell, and the thundering applause of the doomed shook the remotest dominion of ruin. "The proof! the proof!" cried Unbeliever, from the deepest depths of his unfathomable perdition, while Decent, Imposition and Sin pointed their burning fingers to all the theatres, especially to the "orthodox" one, to certain pulpits from which Christ with his cross is excluded—to dancing schools, and cotillion parties, patronized and sustained, in some instances by ministers, and in many instances by members of the church and religious parents. "Hush! hush!" said a vigilant devil, so damned he never can rest, so deeply fallen he must not be named, "we must treat this subject with caution, for I have heard a few of the saints crying to God Emanuel, 'How long, O Lord, shall the leprous waves of pleasurable sin roll over the church of God?'"

PAYSON.

### REMARKABLE WORK BY A CHINESE.

To the man of science, the philanthropist and the Christian, it will prove a stirring incident that a work on Geography has just been issued by a native Chinese, embracing the history and condition of other nations. Here is a stroke, which has never yet been dealt against the ignorance and prejudice which has erected such a wall of exclusiveness around three hundred millions of people. A Lieut. Governor is the author, and, by a commendatory preface, it is pressed upon the notice of his countrymen by a Governor General—both of these men high in office in the Chinese Government.

In reference to this map of the world, the writer remarks: "We knew in respect to a Northern frozen ocean, but in respect to a Southern frozen ocean we had not heard. So that, when Western men produced maps having frozen ocean at the extreme South, we supposed that they had made a mistake in not understanding the Chinese language, and had placed that in the North. But on inquiring of an American, one Abel, (the Missionary,) he said this doctrine was verily true, and should not be doubted."

It is a fact full of interest that the chronology adopted in this work is that usually received by European writers. The more prominent facts of sacred history subsequent to the Deluge, are either alluded to, or stated at length, much as they occur in the Scriptures.

It is interesting to us, too, that this work presents to the Chinese a more definite and discriminating view of the different religions of the world, than has yet appeared in the Chinese language.

Speaking of different countries in India under European sway, where Buddhism, or Paganism and Protestantism exist together, the author does not hesitate to say that the latter is gradually overcoming the former, "whose light is becoming more and more dim." This is a very remarkable concession, when we consider that the individual who makes it is probably a Buddhist himself, and represents the religion of China as Buddhism.

It is a remarkable fact, that this work contains a more extensive and correct account of the history and institution of Christian nations than has ever been published before by any heathen writer in any age of the world.

This remarkable work will introduce the "Celestials" to such acquaintance with "the outside barbarians" as cannot fail to give them new ideas, remove something at least of the insane prejudice against, and contempt of, all other nations, which has so long prevailed. We regard it as a very important agency in preparing the way for that Christianity which the friends of the perishing are seeking to introduce into that benighted empire. A book by a native Chinaman, himself high in office, and recommended by a still higher officer of the Government, the author still himself a Pagan, reasoning upon the great facts of the Bible, and opening the hitherto unknown civilized and Christian world to his countrymen—such a book cannot but become an important pioneer in the work of pouring the light of truth upon that dark land.—Traveller.

A SPECIMEN OF HERESY.

A correspondent of the Christian Observer gives an account of a sect in the West, called *Two-Seed Baptists*. These *Two-Seeds* believe that God has his seed, and the devil his—that the former will be saved any how, and the latter lost any how. Hence the title *Two-Seeds*. Their doctrine is a revivification of the doctrine of the two principles, the one good and the other evil, which obtained in the East at the coming of our Saviour. The *Two-Seeds* then have stolen the thunder of the Eastern Magi, and are also guilty of larceny. They hate these missionary folks and rail at them furiously; but they do love whiskey. This is their *orthodox* drink. Indeed, it is considered heretical to abstain from it. They pretend to be Calvinists, but are downright Fatalists—nihilists. We think the devil must be under very great obligations to them, for the great honors they give him. They seem to place him on an equality with the Creator, only his moral character is directly the opposite of his. But what advance are they making? Why, like that of a crawfish, backwards.

REV. C. F. BARNARD. Dear Sir:—Sympathizing with the public generally in the regretted abandonment of the usual Floral Procession of the children of the Warren Street Chapel, on the coming anniversary of American Independence, it has occurred to us that we have the good fortune to be able to alleviate the pecuniary losses at least of this departure from the usual customs of the 4th of July.

### DRS. BUNTING AND NEWTON.

The Wesleyans in the town of Pontefract, Yorkshire, having enlarged their chapel, invited Drs. Bunting and Newton to attend the services appropriate to the occasion. After a sermon from the former on Thursday morning, a dinner was given in the afternoon, and when the cloth was drawn, the chairman called on one of the resident ministers, who read an interesting account of the introduction of Methodism in Pontefract, and its progress there during the last hundred years. The speaker concluded thus:—"The first missionary meeting in the town was attended by Jabez Bunting and Robert Newton. They united their services again to open the new chapel, in 1825; and now, after twenty-five years, through the good hand of God, they are both here to help us again this day. Sir, allow me to propose the expression of our most grateful acknowledgments to the venerated and beloved fellow laborers, Drs. Bunting and Newton, for their invaluable services on this glad occasion." Thanks were voted unanimously, and with great applause. Dr. Bunting, on rising, was welcomed with rapturous and long continued cheering. The good and noble-hearted doctor evidently labored under deep emotion. When the enthusiastic and oft-renewed plaudits allowed him to be heard, he proceeded to say that "he had never felt so completely overcome. He was not prepared for such an overwhelming display of kindness; and the demand on his gratitude was really severe. He had neither grown more despot, nor more liberal, but was very much the same as when he travelled in the West Riding thirty or forty years ago. He was pleased with his reception among them that day, especially as his old and constant friend, Dr. Newton, was by his side. They began life together. They had lived in each other's affections. Their mutual esteem and love had gathered strength with growing years. They had stood a few stormy days; and he was willing to share with his honored friend either obloquy or praise. He was proud of it, *i. e.*, he felt thankful to God for such a friend." And then, alluding to their decline of days, and to the bright hope of eternal union, he leaned forward across the chairman, and grasped Dr. Newton's hand with uncontrollable emotion; and they shook hands and wept together. The scene was utterly indescribable. The assembly were carried away with irresistible sympathy. Strong men wept like children; few, if any, cheeks there were dry—(one sturdy yeoman afterwards declared—"I never wept with so much pleasure in my life")—and, amid vehement and prolonged cheering, the reverend doctor resumed his seat.

### GROWTH OF HABITS.

A vizier having offended his master, was compelled to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return either when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little ghee, (buffalo's) butter, three clews—one of the finest silk, another of whip-cord, and finally a stout coil of rope." When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's command, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the ghee; tie one end of the silken thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the ghee, which he conceived to be above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top; and thus put the vizier in possession of the roll of silk thread. He then drew up the pack thread by means of the silk; the small cords by means of the pack thread, and by means of the cord, a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight; and thus he escaped from the tower.

As in this case the silken gossamer drew after it, first the pack thread, then the whipcord, then at length the rope too strong to be broken, so do the trivial acts of a young man, to-day as easily changed as the silken thread can be broken, draw after them habits strengthening into the cord, and the cable lead down from heaven to draw him upwards. If they are bad habits, they are like a cable fastened to a millstone, sinking him with such a weight that all his efforts to rise are futile as those of the chained eagle. Wise, then, is the young man, who chooses his habits with reference to his whole lifetime.

### CHURCH GOSSIP.

I wish you could see old Mrs. Sniffle, the gossip of the congregation, in her rounds of absorption, fastening herself upon every one, to take in, like a sponge, whatever they would impart, that she might have the sweet satisfaction of leaking it to others. Her harvest time was at the close of the morning service, when the most of the people remained in their respective pews to eat their dinner, while those who had a distance brought with them. This was the favorite moment for Mrs. Sniffle's expedition, and darning out of her own seat, she would drop in at another, out with her snuff box, pass it round, and inquire the news. Staying just long enough to extract the essence of all the matters in her line to be met with there, she would make all haste to the pew of some one from another neighborhood, where she would impart the information she had just received, with her own edifying comments, pick up as many additional fragments of facts as she could find, and pass on to another pew, spending the whole interval of divine worship in this avocation, and the leisure of the week to come in spreading among her neighbors the items of news, especially such as come under the head of scandal. It is only just to the people, however, to add, Mrs. Sniffle was a black sheep in the flock; there was not another like her; and we may well say, "happy is that people which is so well off as to have only one Mrs. Sniffle!"—Reminiscences of a Country Congregation.

### KNOWLEDGE IS NOT LOVE.

There are those who possess a thorough knowledge of Scripture, a deep and critical knowledge of it; who have pursued the text until every expression is familiar to their lips; have compared, digested it; read commentaries, and controversies, and criticisms, until their understanding is thoroughly enlightened on every subject it proposes, and still their hearts remain unchanged, unsoftened, unalloyed by its influences.

### POLITENESS AT HOME.

Nothing is so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but particular charm.











For the Herald and Journal.

## PEACE BE UNTO YOU.

Scripture.  
Pilgrim! is thy pathway dreary?  
Are thy graces sorely tried?  
Dost thou travel, lone and weary,  
Life's dark way without a guide?  
Fly to Jesus!  
He will cheer, when ill's betide.  
Have thy dearest friends been taken  
From thy fond embraces here?  
Is thy home bereft, forsaken,  
Are no gentle beings near?  
Cling to Jesus!  
He will whisper blessing cheer.  
Art thou still overwhelmed with sorrow?  
Care's distract thee, fears dimmy?  
Dost thou fear the coming morrow  
Will more darkly shade thy way?  
Trust in Jesus!  
He will turn thy night to day.  
Still e'er disarmed, and cheerless?  
Hearken! "Peace be unto you,"  
Gird thee on, and onward, fearless,  
All thy lonely path pursue.  
Trusting Jesus!  
Thou wilt find the promise true.  
South Yarmouth. ELIZA.

\*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.—Isai. 50: 1.

From the National Era.

## HYMN OF THE LAST HARPER.

BY AGNES DEAN.

I sleep on the bosom of Night,  
And mantle my couch with her stars,  
And blinding in  
Like a flame o'er my head,  
Is swinging the wild planet Mars!  
I hear an awakening sound,  
That sweeps through the starry profound—  
I see a great angel,  
A glorious angel,  
With beauty enrobed and with righteousness crowned.

A voice through creation is hurled—  
The breath of Elohim is rocking the world,  
And the Spirit of God on the face of the waters,  
Is brooding in wonderful glory.  
In dark and mysterious glory!  
Arise ye, my sons; O, awake ye my daughters!  
Behold!  
On the wings of the morning behold  
How the angel of prophecy fleeth from heaven,  
With power from Elohim the Mighty One given,  
The future of earth to unfold!

There are curses and sore tribulations  
That crouch in the lap of the past;  
There is blood-guiltiness on the skirts of the nations,  
And shadows from heaven are cast,  
Yea, shadows unearthly and vast,  
Brooding over mankind,  
Who are blind—who are blind—  
Who have plucked out the eyes of their mind!

It comes, O it comes!  
I hear it afar,  
That murderous tread  
O'er the living and dead—  
The march of old merciless war!  
They come, O they come,  
And my spirit is dumb:  
The armies of men  
They are swarming again;  
The princes and leaders,  
With banners, and trumpets, and drums!  
They tower like old Lebanon's cedars,  
But bow with the blast of the storm—  
Yea, bend with the hurricane's breath!  
They rush to the valley of death!  
Yet they swarm,  
Like the black battle vultures, they swarm and they cluster.

In countless and terrible muster,  
In crimson and murderous luster:  
The armies of men,  
To havoc again!  
To havoc once more,  
On sea and on shore—  
The food and the fuel of horrible war!  
From Moscow—mother of slaves—  
To their graves,  
To their graves, on the banks of the Rhine,  
The serfs of the Autocrat pour,  
And their blood shall new-nature the vine.  
From Danube's red shore,  
From Danube and Dun,  
Shall gather the barbaric hordes,  
The Tartar and Hun,  
Whose laws are their sword—  
From desert and border,  
Each bloody murderer,  
Shall haste to the land of the vine,  
To mingle his blood with his wine.

From Britain, from Britain,  
The flame shall rise,  
To the pillbox skies;  
'Tis written, 'tis written!  
'Tis plain to mine eyes!  
And her merchants afar off, lamenting and yearning,  
Shall witness the smoke of her burning!  
Even so,  
She must taste of the woe!  
In hut and in palace,  
She'll drink of the chalice,  
And weep for her heart in libation,  
To wash out her mighty transgression!  
For lo!

The blood of the innocent cries—  
The blood of the martyrs whom Britain has slain,  
Shall fall on her forehead in terrible rain!  
It rolls, it rolls!  
The voice of the thunders that striketh men's souls,  
The voice, it descends—  
The bolt which old Earth to her center uprends!  
'Tis the battle's wild roar—  
'Tis the bolt of dread war:  
The sea is upheaved—it roareth the shore;  
It shaketh the zones,  
And monarchs and thrones  
Shall battle with freedom; but conquer no more!

## THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,  
No weary wasting of the frame away,  
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,  
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!  
No hidden grief,  
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;  
No vain petition for a swift relief,  
No fearful eye, no broken heart, are there.  
Care has no home  
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song;  
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,  
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.  
The storm's black wing  
Is never spread athwart celestial skies,  
Its whirling eddies blend not with the voice of Spring,  
As some too tender flower fades and dies.

No night distill  
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;  
No morn is needed there the light which fills  
The land of glory in his Maker's name.  
No parted friends  
O'er mournful recollections have to weep—  
No bed of death enduring love attends,  
To watch the coming of a painless sleep!  
No withered flower  
Or bleached but celestial garb know!  
No scorching blast, no fierce descending shower  
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.  
No battle-word  
Startles the sacred hosts with fear and dread!  
The song of Peace, Creation's morning hymn,  
Is sung wherever angels' footsteps tread!

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mrs. MERRILL BEALE, wife of Japhet Beale, died in Augusta, Me., May 20, aged 66 years. Sister Beale was born in Bridgewater, Me., and in the winter of 1799 experienced religion among the Congregationalists and united with them in church fellowship. After her marriage she joined the M. E. Church, and continued a worthy member of this society until she joined the church triumphant. Removing to Augusta in 1803, she united with a few others in forming the first class in this town, about four miles above the village, of which her husband was the first leader. She sympathized with this little band of Christians in their trials and struggles, and was a faithful, devoted Christian in all the relations of life. She lived to see the society with whom she had labored in the cause of Christ greatly enlarged; and her children for whom she had prayed, all converted to God. Three of them passed on before her to the world of spirits in the triumphs of faith. One of the survivors, Rev. S. H. Beale, is a member of the East Maine Conference.

C. F. A.

Augusta, Me., July 21.

JACOB W. SHOFF died, Dec. 7, 1849, aged 23 years 9 months. He experienced religion when in his seventeenth year. Bro. Shoff was one of our most beloved members, and was in all his relations in life most esteemed by those who knew him best. When it was thought he was dying he was raised and placed in a sitting posture, which relieved him; he seemed to receive new strength of lungs, conversed more easily than for days previous, called all the family around, addressed them appropriately by turn, briefly stating that his time had come and the blessedness of a preparation for the event, alleging that he enjoyed that blessing and was ready to go. Earnestly and affectionately entreating all to prepare to follow him, he closed his eyes in death without a struggle or groan. Bloomfield, July 9. S. BURBANK.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## MANAGEMENT OF ANIMALS.

In breaking or managing a horse, however intractable or stubborn his temper may be, preserve your own. Almost every fault of the brute arises from ignorance. Be patient with him, teach and coax him, and success in time is certain. There are tricks, however, which are the results of confirmed habit or viciousness, and these sometimes require a different treatment. A horse accustomed to starting and running away, may be effectually cured by putting him to the top of his speed on such occasions, and running him till pretty thoroughly exhausted.

A horse that had a trick of pulling his bridle and breaking it, was at last reduced to better habits, by tying him tightly to a stake driven on the bank of a deep stream, with his tail pointing to the water; he commenced pulling at the halter, which suddenly parted, over the bank he tumbled, and after a somersault or two, and floundering awhile in the water, he was satisfied to remain at his post in future, and break no more bridges.

A ram has been cured of butting at everything and everybody, by placing an unresisting effigy in a similar position; when the sudden assault on a watery day, resulted in tumbling his ramship into a cold bath, which his improved manners took good care to avoid in future.

A sheep-killing dog has been made too much ashamed ever again to look a sheep in the face, by tying his hind legs to a stout ram on the brow of a hill, while the flock were quietly feeding at the bottom. On being free, and somewhat startled at setting out, in his haste to rejoin his friend, he tumbled and thumped master Tray so sadly over the stones and gullies, that he was quite satisfied to confine himself to cooked mutton thereafter.

Man's reason was given him to control "the beasts of the field and the birds of the air," by other means than brute force. If he will bring this into play, he will have no difficulty in meeting and overcoming every emergency of perverse instinct or bad habit in the dumb things, by his superior cunning.—American Agriculturist.

## CATTLE.

Few people are aware that it is nearly as easy to alter the frame of our cattle as it is to alter the style of our dwelling. John Bull, for instance, has gone on improving his oxen until he has got a breed almost without legs. From the returns of the last census, it is safe to say, that 1,100,000 cows are now milked in this State, which are supposed to yield about \$20 per head. To improve these up to an average annual product of \$31 each, (that is, to one-half what the best large dairies in the country now yield,) would add \$12,000,000 to the income of the citizens of a single State. This gain, by the improvement of one kind of rural machinery, would be equivalent to erecting a capital of \$200,000,000, and placing the money where it would yield over six per cent. interest in perpetuity. If the thirty millions of sheep in the United States gave as good returns in wool for the food consumed as the best one hundred thousand now do, it would add at least six million pounds to the annual clip of this important staple. There are not far from six million horses and mules in the United States; and it is not too much to say that, in a few generations, these animals may be improved half \$30 a head on an average. If so, the gain by this increase of muscular power, and its greater durability, will be \$180,000,000. If we study critically the machinery for converting grass, roots and grain into beef and pork, the difference is found to be still more striking. If the facts relating to this subject were spread before the people, great improvement would soon follow, and all classes share equally in the profits of more productive labor.—Albany Knickerbocker.

## CULTIVATING POTATOES.

The Germans have recently taken a particular fancy to raising potatoes. The following is their method of cultivation:—  
"The potato is planted whole, without any preparation, only allowing a little more space than usual. When the plants have attained the height of the hand, they are also cleaned and hoed as usual. When, however, the time for drawing up the earth around them has arrived, the following process is adopted instead: 'The green stalks are divided and laid down by the hand on the flat soil, in the form of the spokes of a wagon wheel, and covered with ready prepared earth—the operation being readily performed by placing the foot on the plant. Some

weeks later, the leaves begin to push through the soil, when they are again laid down and covered with four inches of earth. This is all the labor required, and occupies about the same time as the ordinary hoeing-up process, but it produces six times more fruit. The subterranean stalks are covered with potatoes in the form of a wreath or chaplet."

## MIXING PLASTER WITH MANURE.

The late Col. John C. Taylor, of Caroline, Va., who, in his day, was one of the ablest and most observing of farmers, in a letter to Judge Peters, stated that he found as much benefit from use of plaster when he mixed it with manure, prior to hauling it out on his grounds in the spring, as in any other way. Without presuming to account for its mode of operation, he contented himself with stating the fact, leaving it to others to follow his practice or not, as they might please. We allude to Col. Taylor's method of using plaster now, because it is worthy of being universally followed, as the success of his practice is just what might have been expected, when we look at the theory of the action of plaster. The sulphuric acid, which comprises a material part of its constituent elements, having a stronger affinity for ammonia, and possessing the capacity to assimilate a large portion of it, as it is formed in the process of the decay of the coarse manure, and retains it until deprived of it by the galvanic action of the roots of the plants, thus acting as a store-house, whence they derive larger portions of their nitrogenous food. In this light, its action is both provident and economical; provident in preventing waste and laying by a store, and economical in its dispensation, by yielding it up as needed by the wants and necessities of growing plants.—American Farmer.

## EAST MAINE CONFERENCE REPORTS.

BRO. STEVENS:—The East Maine Conference at its last session adopted and directed the Secretary to furnish copies of the following reports of Committees on Slavery and Temperance, for publication in the Herald and Journal.

A. CHURCH, Secretary, E. M. Conf.

Bucksport, Me., July 18.

## REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON SLAVERY.

We deem it unnecessary to enter into a lengthy and elaborate discussion of the evils of slavery, but would offer the following resolutions:—

1st. That we are still of the opinion that American Slavery is a great sin against God and humanity.  
2d. That it is the duty of the church of Christ to seek earnestly its speedy removal from the country.  
3d. That those politicians who either labor for or consent to the extension of Slave Territory in these United States, merit a severe rebuke from all lovers of human liberty, and are unworthy of the confidence and suffrages of American citizens.  
4th. That such are the relations of Slavery to the moral interests of the world, and such are the obligations of the Christian ministry to seek its removal from the land, we deem it our solemn duty to present to the Congress of this nation an earnest protest against the enactment of any law or laws by which it may be introduced into any United States Territory or State of the Union now free, or by which the evil may be augmented where it now exists.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON TEMPERANCE.  
Resolved, 1st. The cause of Temperance deserves the confidence and support of all the friends of humanity and religion, and we will co-operate with any man or body of men to promote it, where such co-operation does not compromise religious principle.

2d. The history of the past gives encouragement to the friends of Temperance to continue their labors, while at the same time there appears to be a demand for renewed efforts in the cause.  
3d. One of the greatest difficulties the cause has now to encounter, is the almost general use of spirituous liquors in preparations claiming to be medicinal, such as cordials, bitters, &c., which are sold for the purpose of having the gain of rummelling, without its dangers and disgrace, and bought merely for the alcohol they contain.

4th. The general use of these preparations is becoming a subject in which morals are involved, inasmuch as it is but the use of alcohol—in disguise, it is true—but not without its baneful effects; and we pray our people to be careful in this matter, lest the demon of intemperance appearing in this new form should regain the power he has lost.

5th. The license laws should be so amended as to render it less difficult to procure the conviction and punishment of those engaged in the iniquitous traffic in ardent spirits.  
6th. The laws in relation to the traffic in spirituous liquors should be faithfully executed, and the lovers of good order are as much called upon to see that this is done, as to sustain the laws against the kindred crimes of theft and robbery.

For the Herald and Journal.

## SLAVERY.

It seems, the most incredulous who have observed the workings of the spirit of slavery at Washington this winter and spring, must have been convinced that it is an "unclean" and abominable spirit. How utterly loathsome have been its exhibitions. It is enough to make one blush for humanity and almost ashamed of his country. We hate and denounce the tyranny of the old world, but my right dollar a day to labor defend and enlarge a more odious one here. How consistent, to fear the despotism of Europe will gain some footing in America, and at the same time labor to extend a slavery a thousand times more crushing. What a superlatively ridiculous outcry the South is raising about rights, their dear rights. This, however, is a dust which has blinded the eyes of thousands, and may blind others still. They have already trampled in a great measure upon the rights of the whole nation, and annihilated, as far as man can do it, the entire rights of three millions of human beings; and the right they fear to lose is the continuance of this injustice and oppression, or rather the extension of it where it is not known. The pirate or robber might as consistently plead his rights when about to be stopped in his career of outrage by the strong arm of the law. The rights in oppression are all on one side. Thus in Europe, the rights of the common people are more or less overlooked, and the rights of aristocracy and royalty rewarded. Thus the South seeks her rights to do as she pleases with the North and her own slaves, and all the right others have is to humbly and gratefully submit to be trod upon by their high dignitaries. It is as if a leper should cry rights, and threaten to hang himself or kill somebody if he is compelled to enjoy his own delightful company and keep his comfortable disease within prescribed limits. We simply ask the South to enjoy themselves, without compelling others to share with them the superlative felicity they would make us believe is connected with their delectable and "peculiar institution," which we consider as a moral and political leprosy. Can there be any oppression in requiring one to enjoy all his good things himself? Yet what dignified threats

have been made about dissolving the Union. Such conduct in the representatives of a great nation ought to cover the actors with a cloud of everlasting infamy, and bind it on so that it will have to be buried with them. One paper gives the extra important reason for dissolution, that three valuable slaves had escaped. I predict the escape of six if they carry out their threats. Slaveholders talk as if they were going to break off their slave territory from the continent, float it out to sea, and anchor it there. But probably they will find some one who joins hands to them, and their sheep will jump. In the event of the ruin they will bring upon themselves, their threats remind one of the sulky boy who told his mother, because he could not do as he wanted to, "Well, then, I will go down here and catch the measles, for I know who has got them."

It was the custom of ancient tyrants sometimes to bind the carcass of a dead person to a living man. This is a fine illustration of the condition of the South with the incubus of slavery upon her back; and if she was always to carry this loathsome burden, I think the North might with some propriety cry out, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

## MILLARD FILLMORE.

By the death of Gen. Taylor Mr. Fillmore becomes President of the United States. In these circumstances a brief recapitulation of the leading facts in his history will be interesting to the public.

Mr. Fillmore was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga Co., New York, on Jan. 7, 1800, and is accordingly now a little over 50 years old. His father was a farmer in very limited circumstances. The family removed to Aurora, Erie Co., in 1819, where the father still carries on a farm of moderate dimensions; the writer hereof has often passed the modest house where reside the family of the President, in a style not more pretending than is common to thriving farmers of that prosperous district. The narrow means of the father did not permit the bestowal on the son of any other than a most limited common school education. When 15 years old he set to learn the trade of a clothier, at which he worked for four years, improving all his spare time in reading books from a little library in the village where he lived. At the age of 19 he made the acquaintance of Judge Wood, of Cayuga Co., who detected the latent talents of the young man, and induced him to study law, for which he generously furnished the means. Mr. Fillmore remained in Judge Wood's office above two years, studying with that industry and perseverance which have distinguished him through life; during his time he also taught school in the winter months, in order himself to provide for his expenses as far as possible. In 1822 he entered a law office at Buffalo, and passed a year studying and teaching, when he was admitted to the bar, and removed to Aurora to commence the practice of his profession. In 1826, he married Abigail, daughter of Rev. Lemuel Powers; she will, no doubt hereafter preside at the White House. Several years were now mainly employed by Mr. Fillmore in diligent judicial studies, and in the limited legal practice of a country town. In 1829 he was elected to the Assembly of New York, and for three years (during which time he removed his residence to Buffalo) held seat in that body. Here he was remarkable for constant devotion to, and unwearied industry in his duties. He took a prominent and influential part in the enactment of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt. In 1832 he was elected to the XXIII Congress, and served creditably. In the fall of 1836 he was again returned for the same office, and acted as a member of the Committee on Elections in the famous New Jersey "Broad Seal" case, and in that capacity established his reputation in the House. He was re-elected to the next Congress, and now assumed the responsible position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. In the duties of this post, at arduous crisis, he manifested the industry, dignity of bearing, efficient practical talent, and ability to secure the confidence of his colleagues, which had before distinguished him. His public reputation perhaps reached its highest point in the manner in which he filled his post in XXVIII Congress, than any other portion of his career.

After this, resisting the importunities of his friends, and the Whig Convention of his district, Mr. Fillmore returned to Buffalo, to the practice of his profession. In 1844 he was run by the Whigs of New York for Governor, and was beaten by Silas Wright, at the same time that the so-called Liberty party gave the vote of the State for Polk, Texas, the Mexican War, and the extension of Slavery. In 1847 he was elected Controller of the State, and removed to Albany to discharge the duties of that office, which he held till February, 1849, when he resigned, he prior to his induction into the Vice Presidency, to which post he had been elevated by the Presidential election of 1849.—N. Y. Tribune.

## THE DAY'S THREE RULES.

THE DUTY, THE BURDEN, AND THE LESSON.  
An old man called to him his son and pupil, one morning, and said to him:—  
"Theodore, have you prepared your mind for the three things?"

"What three things, father?"  
"The three claims of the day, my son, concerning which I instructed you. We should enter on no day of life without carefully inquiring what is before us, and what is expected of us."

"Now I remember," said Theodore, "they are the three rules which you desired me to say once to myself every morning on rising."  
"What are these rules, my son?"

"First, Do the duty of the day; secondly, Bear the burden of the day; thirdly, Learn the lesson of the day."  
"Yes, my son; and there is no day to which these do not apply. Each has its duty, its burden, and its lesson. Something has to be done, something to be learned. And he who neglects no one of these three things, spends his days aright. Endeavor, Theodore, to apply these rules to some one day, which is fresh in your remembrance, as, for example, yesterday."

"I will do so," said Theodore. "The duty of yesterday was that of making a catalogue of your books and engraving it in a volume. This, I mean, was my grand business. There were many lesser duties, arising from my circumstances. The burden of the day was a heavy one, but I am afraid to name it lest you laugh at me."  
"Out with it."

"It was a mortification of my vanity at the rejection of my verses sent to the newspaper."  
"Ah! I can believe it; mortification of pride and vanity are amongst our heaviest burdens."

"The lesson of the day," continued Theodore, "was taught me by a lamb in the meadow; which suffered itself to be rudely pushed about by my dog, without the least sign of resentment, and thereby soon forgot the injury and healed the wound."

"I perceive," said the old man, "that you have observed my precept, in recalling to your memory these three things, on closing your eyes for sleep. But suppose you go further, and endeavor to apply them to the future. We have but just begun a new day; how do the three rules apply to what it is likely to bring you?"

Theodore paused a little, and then replied:—  
"The duty of the day is to go on in my studies, especially to perfect my self in what remains of geometry; and it is well you have called it to my mind, for I have to row myself across the river to get my book. The burden of the day is in great part unknown to me. I can, however, foresee something of it in these severe studies, added to the knowledge that my companions will be keeping it as a holiday. The lesson of the day, so far as not included in the geometry aforesaid, cannot be foreseen. But I shall be more on the watch for it, in consequence of your reminding me."  
"My son," said the old man, "it is impossible for me to tell you the advantage I have derived from the habit of looking forward every evening, upon the passing day, with these three little words on my mind, THE DUTY—THE BURDEN—THE LESSON."—Sabbath School Journal.

## WHO ROB ORCHARDS?

In a certain village of the far West was an Atheist. He was a great admirer of Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright; but he could see no beauty or excellence in the Sun of Righteousness. This man, of course, never entered any place of worship. Indeed, in the fruit season, he was specially busy on the Sabbath in defending his orchards from his great enemies, the wood-pecker and the idle, profligate persons of the village, who on that day usually made sad havoc among his apples and peaches. One day, while at work with his son-in-law—an Atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as a pastor of a congregation was passing, he very rudely thus accosted the minister:—  
"Sir, what is the use of your preaching? What good do you by it? Why don't you teach these fellows better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing, in your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchard?"

"To this the minister pleasantly replied:—  
"My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so annoyed, and I should most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchard a lecture on robbing, but the truth is they are so like you and the Major here, that I never get a chance."

"Good, good," replied the Major laughing; on which the elder Atheist, making a little, and in an apologetic tone said:—  
"Well, well, I believe it is true enough, it is not the church-going people that steal my apples."

## THE CHURCH AND THE TAVERN.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In the year 1793, when Louis the XVth was beheaded, and the French Revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going radical. With seventeen men of our club, I was marched under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summer hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed at New York in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath day."

I arrived at New York on a Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock A. M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.  
"Where are you going to-day?" they inquired.

"To the church," I replied.  
"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day, and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

Said I, "you can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the Sabbath day'; and had I no respect for the Fourth Commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

They went to the fields; I went to the church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a penny bill in the plate at the morning, afternoon and night services—total, three pence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter, and the landlady's niece, would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a day; wine, cake and ice cream on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at 8 o'clock P. M., half drunk, and, having been caught in a thunder shower, their coats, hats, and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose the next morning at 9 o'clock A. M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots and an angry conscience, besides twelve dollars lighter than when they started.

At 3 o'clock A. M., church rose at 3 o'clock A. M.; head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labors of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn twelve dollars a week. My business, that of a wrought nail-maker, was poor; the cut-nail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application, I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year, my Sabbath-riding shipmates had fine coats and hats, powdered heads and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past, and still summers ended, since the last was laid in the Pottery, or some other field; while I, having received from my Maker a good constitution, (and common sense to take care of it,) I'm as sound in mind, body and spirit as I was on that day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governor's Wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact, (for which my family can vouch,) I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness, during all that period.

Now, Mr. Printer, I dare say you think, with me, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern and the fields for the laboring man.—Home Journal.

## A SMART LITTLE KNITTER.

There is one of the smartest little knitters in Winthrop village that you can find in all Yankeeedom. Malinda Brown, a little girl, only eight years old, has knit within the year past twenty pairs of stockings, full size, besides attending the summer and winter school constantly. She has also "toed" and "heeled" several pairs in addition to the above. Industrious and obedient little girls will generally make industrious, worthy and useful women; and industrious worthy women are the guardians of the nation.—Maine Farmer.

## ANECDOTE OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

The N. Y. Mirror, in illustration of the firmness of General Taylor's character, and his attachment to the Constitution and the Union, says that when a few days since, a delegation waited upon him to remonstrate against his liberal position on the Slavery question, and to talk of disunion as the inevitable consequence of the admission of California as a free State, that he uttered these memorable words, "Gentlemen," said the President, "If ever the flag of disunion is raised within the borders of these United States while I occupy this chair, I will plant the stars and stripes alongside of it, and with my own hand strike it down, if not a soul comes to my aid South of Mason and Dixon's line!"

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

SECOND EDITION. THE OPERATIVE'S FRIEND AND DEFENSE; OR, Hints to Young Ladies who are dependent on their own Resources, is the title of a new work, by Rev. James Porter, just from the press. It is a book for young ladies seen designed particularly for those who are at leisure or at school. This aims to help the industrious, and furnish counsel on the most prominent subjects connected with their interests. Though girls in our various manufactures receive special attention, others are not overlooked. To others, it promises little amusement, yet it may be profitable. Agents will find it admirably adapted to their trade.  
Published by CHARLES H. PERCE, No. 5 Cornhill, Price 50 cents. Gilt 75 cents, with liberal discount to wholesale purchasers. Purchasers may address the author at East Boston, or the publisher at his regular place of business.  
June 5.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF VERMONT.  
Hon. WILLIAM C. KITTREDGE, President.  
ROGER S. HOWARD, Secretary.  
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Wm. C. Kittredge, Timm, P. R. Keefe, Edmund Weston, Hester W. Weston, Paul Dillingham, Julius Y. Deney, Daniel Baldwin, Jos. B. Danforth, Jr.

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Office of the Boston Agency, No. 5 Congress Street, corner of State Street.  
NEW YORK, M. D., 16 Harrison Avenue.  
A. B. SNOW, M. D., T. B. BROWN, Agent.  
July 23.

ESSAY ON CHRISTIAN UNION. Just Published, an Essay on Christian Union, by Rev. CHAS. ARNOLD. With an Introduction by Thos. DeWitt, D. D.  
March 20. C. H. PERCE No. 5 Cornhill.

HYMN BOOKS. ANOTHER VERY MUCH improved edition of Revival Hymns (without notes) is now in press, and will soon be ready for sale by the publishers in Townsend, Mass. Each book will contain about 130 hymns, believed by one to be the best selection ever compiled in so small a form to aid in the promotion of revivals of religion. It is of a convenient size, with a fair type, and good paper. These books are to be sold at the small price of twelve cents per copy, with one third discount to wholesale purchasers.  
Brethren, send in your orders before you commence your extra meetings this Fall, and learn by experience the superiority of these little books in our social meetings, over the long or the short note-books.  
HORACE MOULTON.  
July 10.

LANGDON & CO.'S MERCHANDISE AND ROSS' EXPRESS, for the transmission of Packages, Money, Merchandise, &c., through the North part of New Hampshire.  
Offices: At Railroad Exchange, Court Square, Boston, and at the Passenger's Depot, Merchants, N. H.  
D. R. BURNHAM. JAMES F. LANGDON.  
Jan 16.

W. W. PRUDEN & CO., FURNITURE, Feather, and Carpeting Ware Rooms, Wholesale and Retail, No. 39 Hanover Street, (opposite the City and County Bank,) where may be found a good assortment of Bureaus, Centre Tables, Mattresses, Bedsteads, Dining & Common do., Carpeting, Sofas, Chairs, Clocks, Looking Glasses, and all other articles usually kept in a Furniture Store, and warranted to be of good quality, and at low prices as at any other establishment in the city.  
G. W. PRUDEN, A. BURELL.  
March 3.

FURNITURE AND FEATHER WARE.—HOUSE, Nos. 48 and 52 Blackstone Street. W. F. & E. H. BRADDOCK would inform their friends and customers, that they continue at their Old Stand, where may be found a good assortment of Furniture and Feathers, Mattresses, Looking Glasses, &c. Goods packed for country trade at short notice.  
N. B. Best quality Live Geese Feathers selling very cheap.  
Apr 22.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE. THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (Office, Merchants' Bank Building, 38 State Street, Boston,) insures Lives on the Mutual principle.  
Guaranty Capital, \$50,000.  
Accumulation—over \$200,000, and increasing—for benefit of members present and future.  
The whole safely and advantageously invested.  
The business conducted exclusively for the benefit of the persons insured.  
The greatest risk taken on a life, \$10,000.  
Premium distributed among the members every fifth year from Dec. 1, 1848.  
Premium may be paid quarterly or semi-annually, when desired, and amounts not too small.  
Forms of application and prospectus of the Company, and its reports, to be had of its agents, or at the Office of the Company, or forwarded by mail, if written for, post paid.  
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JOHN HONANS, Consulting Physician.  
Feb 19.

METHODISM IN EARNEST. SIXTH E